

AUCTION SALES TO-DAY.
W. R. CLARKE & CO. will sell at 11 o'clock, at sales-room, Furniture, etc.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

THE BRITISH COLONIST IS THE ONLY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN BRITISH COLUMBIA THAT RECEIVES TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES. ITS VALUE AS A NEWS AND ADVERTISING MEDIUM IS THEREFORE APPARENT.

AN ASTONISHING STATE OF THINGS AT WILLIAMS LAKE.

The Natives said to be Starving AND THREATENING VIOLENCE.

PATHETIC LETTER FROM AN INDIAN CHIEF.

The following letter, written by William, the chief of the Williams Lake tribe, deserves the attention of those who are entrusted with the care of her Majesty's Indian subjects. Our people have taken their land and their fish and have left them to starve. They are willing to follow our example and to live like the white men as tillers of the soil. We have no doubt at all that the statements made by William are true and that her Majesty's Indian subjects are in a sad condition. If they are driven by want to rob and murder the settlers in the northern districts of the Province the people in high places will have to bear all the blame. Surely, it is time to settle the land question for the Indians and to give them a small portion of their own vast domain on which they may live in peace. A history of the persecutions inflicted on the Indians of this continent by the white man would make an awful chapter in the record of civilization and progress. We hope it will never be published in a book; but it is written in the clouds and God reads it. The savage cruelty of the white man to the Indian is one of the darkest spots on his character. If William and the Indian tribes from Canoe Creek to the head waters of the Fraser rise in revolt the Dominion Government will have to engage in a war of extermination with "her Majesty's (starving) Indian subjects." What a disgraceful war this would be! There is no time to be lost in assuring the Indian tribes that they will have land enough early next spring in time to enable them to get in a crop. Delays are dangerous and sometimes fatal. William's letter translated reads as follows:

"I am an Indian chief and my people are threatened by starvation. The white men have taken all the land and all the fish. A vast country was ours. It is all gone. The noise of the threshing machine and the wagon has frightened the deer and the beaver. We have nothing to eat. We cannot live on the air, and we must die. My people are sick. My young men are angry. All the Indians from Canoe Creek to the headwaters of the Fraser say 'William is an old woman, he sleeps and starves in silence.' I am old and feeble and my authority diminishes every day. I am sorely puzzled. I do not know what to say next week when the chiefs are assembled in council. A war with the white man will end in our destruction, but death in war is not so bad as death by starvation. The land on which my people lived for five hundred years was taken by a white man; he has piles of wheat and herds of cattle. We have nothing—not an acre. Another white man has enclosed the graves in which the ashes of our fathers rest, and we may live to see their bones turned over by his plough! Any white man can take three hundred and twenty acres of our land and the Indian dare not touch an acre. Her Majesty sent me a coat, two ploughs and some turnip seed. The coat will not keep away the hunger; the ploughs are idle and the seed is useless because we have no land. All my people are willing to work because they know they must work like the white man or die. They work for the white men. Mr. Bates was a good friend. He would not have a white man if he could get an Indian. My young men can plough and mow and cut corn with a cradle. Now, what I want to say is this—THERE WILL BE TROUBLE, SURE. The whites have taken all the salmon and all the land and my people will not starve in peace. Good friends to the Indian say that 'her Majesty loves her Indian subjects and will do justice.' Justice is no use for a dead Indian. They say 'Mr. Sproat is coming to give you land.' We hear he is a very good man, but he has no horse. He was at Hope last June and he has not yet arrived here. Her Majesty ought to give him a horse and let justice come fast to the starving Indians. Land, land, a little of our own land, that is all we ask from her Majesty. If we had the deer and the salmon we could live by hunting and fishing. We have nothing now and here comes the cold and the snow. Maybe the white man thinks we can live on snow. We can make fires to make people warm—that is what we can do. Wood will burn. We are not stones.

WILLIAM,
Chief of the Williams Lake Indians."